

Burning of the Avalanche

Monday Night, December 12, 1904.

(From The Grayling Times.)

The Avalanche is no more. At 12:30 Monday night the took it. That is, it took the plant and building and material. Dr. Palmer, the heart and brain of the paper, is left and takes the loss severe—irreparable—as it is, with the nerve and manliness that we all knew was in him.

One of the landmarks of the village, the Avalanche building, located on Peninsular avenue, lies a mass of charred and shapeless ruins. In it was between \$7,000 and \$8,000 worth of presses, printing materials and machinery, paper stock, gasoline engine, agricultural implements, wagons, sleighs, cutters, sewing machines, the doctor's well equipped law library, private papers, insurance stationery and the thousand and one things of value that accumulate in the affairs of a busy man—and especially so with a man like Dr. Palmer, who is editor, doctor, lawyer, court commissioner, implement dealer, insurance agent, prosecuting attorney, land agent and general legal, social and moral adviser and friend to half the people of Crawford county. And it is all in ashes.

Situated as the building was, practically in the center of a rather compactly built up block, it could not have been long after the fire started before it was discovered. Will Wallace, living almost directly back of the Avalanche building, probably saw the fire first. When he reached the building he says the flames were confined to a rather small space, apparently in and about the woodpile which lay in the corner against the partition between the big ware room and the composing room. He turned in one of the first alarms.

Soon after he reached the building others came. Of course there is no positive evidence as to the origin of the fire, but those first on the spot all agree in stating that there was a strong odor of kerosene or gasoline. Not over a gallon of either was ever kept in the building at any one time, and both Dr. Palmer and Foreman Aebli say there was not at the time of the fire more than half a gallon of either in the cans.

The building was a one-story frame, sheathed, clapboarded and plastered. It was originally built some 20 years ago for a skating rink, and was originally all in one immense room about 50 feet wide by something over 125 feet long. On the south side a shed about 75 feet long by 14 or 16 feet wide had been added. The front half of the building had been partitioned off into composing room, stock room, and two large front offices, all communicating with doors. The rear portion of the structure was used for storing wagons, sleighs, agricultural implements, sewing machines and a lot of miscellaneous goods.

The fire, as stated, started about the center of the building. It was some time after the fire was discovered before anything like a stream of water could be had, although both hose companies were promptly on hand, and in the absence of water, began carrying out everything moveable from those portions of the building when the fire permitted.

The doctor saved a major portion of his office furniture and fixtures, insurance and private papers and all but about 300 volumes of his fine law library. The bound files of the paper were saved in good condition, the files of the past two years, not being bound and stored in the stock room, were burned. Parties in the county having files of the paper for 1903 and 1904—volumes 25 and 26—are requested to bring them in, as the doctor is anxious to make the files complete.

In the composing room were something near a hundred cases of job type, outside of the newspaper type, with stands, etc., an unusually large collection of cuts and plates, the big imposing stone and the usual composing room furniture.

Adjoining this in the press room were the two-and-one-half horse power gasoline engine, a rebuilt Campbell country press, put in some eighteen months ago, a big Gordon jobber with the necessary shafting, etc. Opening out of this room was the stock room, containing perhaps \$150 worth of paper stock. All three of these rooms with their contents were practically a total loss, the big expensive presses being so warped and twisted by the heat as probably to be beyond repair.

In the northwest front office room were the old handpress, the small job press, paper cutter, smaller imposing stones, tables, etc. From this room the small job press, paper cutter and handpress seem to have come out of the ordeal in such shape that it may be possible to use them. In this room were also two or three cupboards, stored full of catalogues, books, papers, etc., all of which are a total loss.

The room in the southwest corner

of the building the doctor had recently fitted up handsomely for an office. The safe, three large office desks, tables, etc., besides the shelving stretching half along the south side of the large room on which were the doctor's law, medical and a large collection of miscellaneous books. Most of the contents of this room were saved in more or less damaged condition. The safe is badly cracked, and has not been opened, but it is probable the contents—mostly notes, mortgages, contracts, insurance policies, ledgers, etc., are probably all right. Immediately back of this room was a smaller consultation office, seldom used except for storage purposes, but full of miscellaneous articles, principally shelving and cabinets full of various documents of value, books, etc. This was also practically a total loss.

The big ware room in the rear of the building, and also the shed mentioned above, were used for the storage of wagons, etc. In the item of wagons alone the loss will reach over \$1,000. The doctor finds it more or less difficult to estimate the total loss of the farming implements, sewing machines, etc. Fortunately at this season the stock of implements was low.

"There's one thing I am thankful for—very," said the doctor Tuesday morning, "and that is the more remarkable portion of my law library was saved, together with most of my private papers and those left with me for safe keeping. Really, it might have been worse," he added cheerfully.

"Except some of the implement and wagon stock, I am also thankful, it was all mine and all paid for."

"Insurance? Yes—\$1,000. That was all. The rest I lose."

"What shall I do? I shall get out the Avalanche as usual. Perhaps not exactly on time, but it will come out regularly, just the same. It will probably be impossible to rebuild before spring, but I'll do it then. Meantime, Mr. Spencer of THE TIMES has extended me the courtesy of his office and until I can make other arrangements I shall avail myself of his kind offer."

"Of course the incidental loss in the way of the regular job printing business of the office, a large part of the stationery, etc., will add considerably to the total. I figure roughly that my loss above my insurance will be about \$6,000 or \$6,500."

And the doctor, with Foreman Aebli went cheerfully to work sorting out and arranging the miscellaneous collection of stuff piled into the store room of the new Michelson store, where the doctor will make temporary headquarters.

Many a man makes more fuss over losing his jack-knife than does the doctor over this loss of the accumulation of a long and busy career.

And the loss to the community is great. It is extremely fortunate that the bound files of the paper were rescued. In them are particularly the only record of the growth and progress of the village and the county and their loss would have been indeed irreparable.

For years—something like twenty-five—for the most of that time the only paper published in the county—the Avalanche files contain the records of births and deaths, of legal advertisements, of the progress of business affairs and the material growth of the village and county—and about the only record. And all the social doings and the personal comings and goings. After a time when these things are wanted for local history and biographical matter, the files will be appreciated. Therefore, it is good they escaped—good beyond the satisfaction they afford the doctor—for they are in a sense the monument to his life work in this community.

Across the alley north from the burned building, distant perhaps 13 or 14 feet, is the residence of Dr. S. N. Insley. Broken windows and scorched cornices, a charred strip of the high board fence and badly blistered paint are about the only evidences of the proximity of the fire. Here was where the fire ladders and workers did some excellent work in saving the doctor's house. "I didn't need the heat from my new furnace for a while, I can tell you," said Dr. Insley, "and I am very thankful to have been let off so easily."

On the other side, probably distant a few feet further, the house of J. P. Jensen was even more severely scorched and the windows broken practically all over the house. Not much serious damage was done here either, and Mr. Jensen said he certainly felt in luck. "That woodpile is a solid chunk of ice," said he, pointing to a pile between his house and the burned building, "but I guess next July will thaw it out."

"There was hardly a breath of wind

that night—the time of the fire," said Foreman Aebli, "which of course accounts for the extinction of the building in the block. Had the wind been up even a little bit there is no telling what the losses might have been. There is one lesson of the fire worth calling attention to, in my judgement, and that is the necessity for more practical fire protection. I guess the village system is all right, but there was certainly something amiss in its application this time—and it ought not to occur again."

In a hurried round among the leading business men of the village THE TIMES man found the most hearty expressions of sincere sympathy for the doctor and the loss of the Avalanche. The doctor's loss in dollars is a severe one—in something that is better than dollars, associations, mementoes, keepsakes, and a hundred nameless little things, it is severe—but with every loss there is some measure of compensation and the fire has assuredly brought this in the universal expressions of personal esteem and friendship and sympathy from his fellow townsmen and business associates.

THE TIMES can give room in its meager columns to but few of these, but they were all heartfelt and genuine.

R. Hanson—

"I was out of the village at the time of the fire and I think nothing could have grieved me more than to hear that the Avalanche had burned. It seems almost like a personal loss. Dr. Palmer certainly has my sincerest sympathy. I understand he will replace the plant as quickly as possible and I am glad of it."

M. A. Bates—

"I do not think any fire that ever occurred in the village—even when the money loss was greater—called out so many expressions of genuine sympathy."

N. P. Olson—

"The loss is a very unfortunate one, not only for the doctor, but for the town. I am heartily sorry."

A. Kraus—

"I am very, very sorry for the doctor's loss. It is a bad every way."

R. D. Conline—

"It was a bad fire—burning up the accumulation of many years. The doctor has my sincere sympathy."

N. Michelson—

"It was one of the worst fires that could possibly have occurred in the town. The doctor has the sympathy of everybody."

Dr. S. N. Insley—

"I can't find words to express my feelings in the matter. May the very strongest thing that language will express. And the doctor stands up under it like a man, too, don't he?"

H. A. Bauman—

"I was out of town at the time and could hardly have felt worse if it had been my own loss. And the lesson of it is that Grayling must reorganize on her fire protection and get and keep them in readiness to meet such losses more effectively. The doctor has my sincere sympathy."

Dr. W. M. Woodworth—

"Too bad—too bad. The work of half a lifetime gone in an hour. It is too bad."

J. M. Jones—

"Everybody is sorry. I have heard more expressions of sympathy than I ever heard about a fire before."

W. Jorgenson—

"Having had so recent an experience myself I can feel for the doctor. It was a bad fire for the town as well as the doctor. We ought to have a more efficient fire protection."

Fred Narin—

"It couldn't have been much worse. I am sorry for the doctor's loss. It was bad all around."

Mrs. J. Woodworth—

"I feel the deepest sympathy for the doctor. The money loss is bad enough, but he was always so willing to give the use of his columns for the good of the village and so kindly and generous, that somehow I feel there should be something more substantial than expressions of sympathy. It is a real loss to all of us."

L. Fournier—

"It is hard to realize that the old Avalanche building—so long a landmark—is not here any more. It was a bad fire and I sympathize with the doctor."

J. W. Sorenson—

"I'm awful sorry for the doctor and I guess everybody else is. I hear nothing but sympathy for him."

H. Joseph—

"It's bad for the doctor and I am very sorry about it. It was a bad fire."

J. A. Everett—

"Sympathy is all right, but I feel that something else ought to be done by the business men of Grayling. I am ready at any time to do my share."

George L. Alexander—

"The loss is certainly a very severe blow and the doctor has the sincere sympathy of the whole community."

George Langevin—

"I feel like every one else—very sorry for the doctor. It is too bad."

C. O. McLaughlin—

"I am sure the doctor has and certainly deserves the sympathy of every man, woman and child in the county."

A. B. Failing—

"I am very sorry for the doctor. The loss is a heavy one."

Kalla Brink—

"Everybody sympathizes with the doctor. We all know how hard he has worked to build up the paper and it's a shame to have it all go up in smoke."

J. J. Colten—

"The doctor has my heartfelt sympathy in his loss."

P. McLaughlin—

"I don't think any fire that ever occurred in the village—even when the money loss was greater—called out so many expressions of genuine sympathy."

M. Hanson—

"I went up to Lovelle Tuesday morning after the fire and without going down town, so I first heard of it when I got there. I could not believe it was true. I am very sorry for the doctor, indeed."

In conclusion THE TIMES wants publicly to extend its heartfelt fraternal sympathy to the Avalanche and express the hope that it will come phantasm-like from the ashes of the old building, with new plumage and tail-feathers spread—with beak and talons (does an Avalanche have such things?) all ready to do battle for its principles and help on the good cause of the development of Grayling and Crawford county in the future as in the past.

We will meet your wants, be they large or small, with the most suitable presents at the fairest prices.

J. W. Sorenson.

Proceedings of the Common Council.

[OFFICIAL.] Meeting held on the 12th day of December 1904. Special meeting of the Common Council, Village of Grayling, convened at Court House.

John F. Hum in the chair. Present: Trustees Olson, Everett, Conline, Hanson. Absent: President Bauman and Trustee Sickler.

Meeting was called to consider drug-gist bond for \$2000.00 of N. P. Olson, principal, and R. Hanson and H. A. Bauman as sureties.

Moved by Conline and supported by Everett, that the bond of N. P. Olson, principal, as druggist, with Rasmus Hanson and H. A. Bauman as sureties be accepted. Motion carried.

Moved by Hanson, and supported by Everett that the clerk be authorized to draw orders for High Oaks for services in tending to hose houses and fire alarm system. Motion carried.

The following resolution was presented Dec. 12th, 1904:

RESOLVED—That the contract with the Grayling Electric Light Co. be and is hereby declared forfeited, as the company have failed to furnish lights as per agreement, from and after this 12th day of December, 1904, and the Village Clerk be and is hereby ordered to notify the said company by serving a copy of this resolution on the manager of said company. Signed

CHRIST. HANSON.

Moved by Everett, and supported by Olson, that the resolution be adopted. Ayes—Hum, Olson, Hanson and Everett. Nays—None.

Moved by Hanson, and supported, that we adjourn. Motion prevailed.

H. P. OLSON,

Village Clerk.

Come and see the medallions we are selling at cost. Fournier's Drug Store.

Worst of All Experiences.

Can anything be worse than to feel that every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newson, Decatur, Ala. "For three years," she writes, "I endured insufferable pain from indigestion, stomach and bowel trouble. Death seemed inevitable when doctors and all remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Electric Bitters and the result was miraculous. I improved at once and now I'm completely recovered." For Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Bowel troubles Electric Bitters is the only medicine. Only 50c. It's guaranteed by L. Fournier, Druggist.

Until further notice the Central Meat Market will pay 7½c per lb. for hides.

Startling Evidence.

Fresh testimony in great quantity is constantly coming in, declaring Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds to be unequalled. A recent expression from T. J. McFarland, Bentonsville, Va., serves as example. He writes: "I had bronchitis for three years and doctored all the time without being benefited. Then I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and a few bottles wholly cured me." Equally effective in curing all Lung and Throat troubles, Consumption, Pneumonia and Grip. Guaranteed by L. Fournier, Druggist. Trial bottles free, regular sizes 50c and \$1.00.

Until further notice the Central Meat Market will pay 7½c per lb. for hides.

Driven to Desperation.

Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, etc. Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth. 25c, at Fournier's Drug Store.

Come and see how far we can make your money go. J. W. Sorenson.

DETROIT & CHALLEVON R. R.

TIME TABLE NO. 10.

Trains Run by Northern Michigan at Central Standard Time. Daily except Sunday.

P. M.	STATIONS.	P. M.
4:30	Dep. Frederic. Arr. 12:15	
4:40	Dep. Au Sable River. Arr. 12:25	
4:50	Dep. Fayette. Arr. 12:35	
5:00	Dep. Deward. Arr. 12:40	
	Dep. Manistee River. Arr. 12:50	
5:20	Dep. Blue Lake Junction. Arr. 1:10	
	Dep. Crooked Lake. Arr. 1:20	
	Dep. Hesperia Lake. Arr. 1:30	
	Dep. Blue Lake. Arr. 1:40	
5:25	Dep. Manistee Road. Arr. 1:15	
5:35	Dep. Lake Harold. Arr. 1:25	
5:40	Dep. Alba. Arr. 1:30	
5:45	Dep. Green River. Arr. 1:40	
5:50	Dep. Graven Camp. Arr. 1:50	
5:55	Dep. Jordan River. Arr. 2:00	
6:00	Dep. Wards. Arr. 2:10	
7:15	Dep. South Arm. Arr. 9:00	
	(East Jordan.)	

Trains will stop where no time is shown. Trains will stop at all passenger stops or at where shown in this table. Gen. Manager, C. W. COOMBS, Ticket Agent.

GO TO

Salling, Hanson & Comp'ny

THE LEADING DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, FLOUR, FEED, ETC

ALSO DEALERS IN

Logs, Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Paint, Glass, Nails, Putty and Building Material of Every Kind.

GET OUR PRICES BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

E. H. SORENSON, DEALER IN

CINCINNATI GAS COKE!

Grayling, - - Mich.

No Dirt. No Dust. No Smoke.

Go to "MAHON'S" For High Class Tailoring.

Coupli Building, Opposite McKay's Hotel. First Consignment of Fall Goods Just Arrived.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R.

"The Great Northern Route."

THE MACKINAW DIVISION

Time card in effect Monday, Dec. 12, 1904.

Trains arrive and depart from Grayling, standard time, as follows:

Day City, Grayling.	Train No.	Grayling, Mackinaw.		
1:15 a.m.	4:09 a.m.	267	4:10 a.m.	7:10 a.m.
11:30 a.m.	1:50 p.m.	201	1:55 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
10:15 a.m.	1:10 p.m.	213	2:10 p.m.	5:30 p.m.
6:30 a.m.	4:25 p.m.	97	8:30 a.m.	6:40 p.m.
			8:45 a.m.	6:50 p.m.
			8:55 a.m.	7:00 p.m.
			9:05 a.m.	7:10 p.m.
			9:15 a.m.	7:20 p.m.
			9:25 a.m.	7:30 p.m.
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Crawford Avalanche.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.

Published Every Thursday at Grayling, Crawford County, Michigan.

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Six Months......50

Three Months.....25

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GRAYLING, THURSDAY, DEC. 15.

What next?

Christmas coming.

Christmas trees are about ripe.

Joe Kraus visited friends in Bay City over Sunday.

Dr. James A. Leighton was in town this week, a day or so.

George Shirts has taken a job as brakeman on the M. C. R. R.

Yes, ma'am, we've been having a little weather the past week.

H. A. Bauman was out of town a day or two on business, this week.

Geo. McCollough returned Monday from a four weeks visit in Detroit.

Make up your mind to smile and look happy Christmas, even if you are busted.

R. Hanson visited Detroit and the southern part of the state the fore part of the week.

N. P. Salling, of Anderson, Ind., was in town on business the fore part of the week.

The Farmers Institute brought lots of the farmers into town, Monday and Tuesday, this week.

Marius Hanson spent Monday and Tuesday at Lovells, looking after his business affairs there.

THE TIMES is the second floor front on the southeast corner, and only one dollar a year, by jinks.

We are glad to note that Rev. Mr. Sheldon continues to improve, and will probably occupy his pulpit next Sunday.

Well, there is good old Crawford county stuff in the doctor. He crawls from under the wreck of an Avalanche and goes at it again.

Fortunately there are two copies of the tax roll made and the loss of the treasurer's copy does not prevent anybody from paying their taxes.

County Treasurer Hoyt and County Clerk Colten spent a day or two this week with the county records as witnesses in a law suit at Standish.

There is something going round has a sort of Christmas feeling about it, and a lot of people are catching it. The real thing is only eleven days off.

Take a peep at Sorenson's new ad this week. He talks, interestingly about Christmas, and J. W. keeps his word—what he says in his ads is good at the store.

The fall of snow Sunday and Sunday night—from two to three inches—helped the sleighing some but it's about an even thing between wheels and runners yet.

There will be a cream chicken supper at Mrs. Hammond's, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 20. The price will be 10 cents, and everybody is cordially invited.

The band boys will have a quiet little hop and social at the opera house, Saturday night—a sort of old-time good time—all among themselves and their friends.

The boys of the foot ball and base ball teams have been trying hard to find a suitable hall for basket ball work. They want to organize a team for the winter.

H. P. Hanson departed last week for his native land, Denmark, expecting to be gone until spring. His family, who went about the middle of last summer, will return with him then.

Mrs. Burns, one of the teachers at the high school, has resigned her position on account of illness. Mr. W. F. Benkleman will take her place until the holiday vacation, after which another teacher will be engaged.

A reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Matson, last Tuesday by their Loyal Guards friends, in the lodge rooms. They were presented with a piece of hand painted China as a token of esteem and best wishes in their new home.

The band boys report a splendid trip to Gaylord last Thursday evening, on the occasion of the concert which they gave there that evening, and all are high in their praises of the royal treatment accorded them by the good people of Gaylord.

We regret that it was impossible to print an account of the Farmers Institute in this issue, because of lack of space and the fact that getting out of the Avalanche in this office practically exhausted our body type. In an issue of the near future we shall give the meeting a special write up.

A few hours later, but they were just the same.

Nearly our entire local column is lifted bodily from The Times, by the courtesy of Mr. Spencer.

Rev. S. P. Todd of Bay City will occupy the pulpit at the Presbyterian church next Sunday at the usual hours.

Mrs. Dr. Insley received many thanks for the hot coffee furnished during the fire to the men who did such gallant service.

The boys who have been carrying away material from our ruined office are advised to return it, especially the brass rules.

The insane man mentioned in another column was taken to the asylum today by Sheriff Stillwell. He was becoming violent.

With this and every succeeding issue of The Avalanche to January 15, will be found in supplement form a list of lands to be sold in May for delinquent taxes.

Our extreme modesty alone prevents our adding anything to the expressions of good will taken from the columns of The Times, but we are grateful just the same.

Dr. S. N. Insley desires to publicly express his thanks to the firemen and friends who so ably protected his home from the "Avalanche" of fire, Monday night.

If the reader of this notice has any money in his pocket which is due us, we shall appreciate it if he will transfer it to ours. We can use it just now to good advantage in our business.

The words of sympathy extended to us on every hand are fully appreciated and the good will expressed is of such value to us that our loss is reduced to a minimum.

We publish in this issue a list of delinquent taxes. Look it over carefully and if any of your lands are wrongfully included, report to the prosecuting attorney and it will be corrected by the court without charge.

A letter from Rev. H. Goldie this morning, states that his little boy has just submitted to a serious surgical operation for abscess of the hip. The surgeons claim a successful operation and expect full recovery, though it will necessarily be slow. Mr. and Mrs. Goldie will receive the fullest sympathy of all our people.

With this and every issue of the AVA LANCHE to January 15th will be found in supplement form, a list of lands to be sold in May for delinquent taxes. Look it over carefully and if any of your lands are wrongfully included, report to the Prosecuting Attorney and it will be corrected by the court in January without expense.

Tuesday morning, as soon as Mr. J. Spencer learned of the fire in the AVA LANCHE office, he tendered the use of his office and material to enable us to get out this week's issue, which we were glad to accept, and assure him of our fullest appreciation of his courtesy. He could sympathize with reason as he suffered a similar experience a few years ago in Gladwin.

Mr. D. L. Laur of Indian River has bought the photograph gallery of Mrs. Hatch, and has added a fine stock of mounts and material, so he is fully prepared to meet the wants of the public promptly. All in want of Christmas pictures may call between now and next Thursday and they will be furnished on time. Mr. Laur is recommended as an artist of superior merit and with his wife will be a welcome addition to our population.

Grange election at the regular meeting next Saturday. Every member is earnestly urged to attend and help elect a set of officers that will make grange matters hum the coming year. The Grange can do more for the advancement of the farming interests of Crawford county than any other influence, and every member should be on hand.

The Citizens band gave the Gaylord people one of their charming concert programs last Friday evening, at Quia's Opera House. The boys went up twenty-one people strong and evidently their fame had preceded them, for they had a full and appreciative house and brought home a goodly pile of Gaylord shekels besides being elegantly entertained at lunch after the performance. They are much pleased with the reception accorded them.

A young farmer named Rees, who recently moved to the county and located at Cheney, was brought to the jail last Monday in a very serious condition. He had made an attempt to kill his wife by shooting her with a revolver, but fortunately the gun missed fire. Mr. Rees had typhoid fever a year or two since and has been more or less deranged at times since, the malady, however, not taking a violent form until recently. It is a very sad case, the man raving and groaning almost constantly his pitiful moans reaching the occupants of the court house from his cell. He has a wife and babe who remain with him most of the time at the jail.

Fire! Fire!

The account of the destruction of the AVA LANCHE office, as written by The Times, is given in another column and covers the ground so completely that we are glad to use it and save time and labor in giving an original report.

We are "SLIGHTLY DISFIGURED, BUT STILL IN THE RING," and shall emerge from the smoke with an up-to-date plant that shall compare favorably with any in the state. In the meantime the AVA LANCHE will be issued from the press of our neighbor, and we are prepared, through our friends, to care promptly for all orders for job work.

Our plans are as yet too immature to talk about, but will be brought to a decision soon.

In the meantime we hope for the kind consideration of our patrons for our being incomplete.

By the courtesy of N. Nicholson we shall be found for a time in his new store, where we shall be glad to meet our friends at any or all times.

The firemen and friends who did heroic service in our behalf will be ever remembered with thanks.

We Would Suggest

That your selection of Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Shoes, Towels, Table Linens, Dress Goods, Purses, Belts and Gloves be made while variety is large.

Christmas Furnishings

For men, consisting of Neckties, Royal Blue Shoes, Overcoats, Suits, Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs, Cuff Buttons, Collars, Underwear, Hosiery and Suspenders is complete.

A. KRAUS & SON,

Leading Dry Goods and Clothing Store.

Deputy Register of Deeds, Mrs. A. B. Failing, was the sole occupant of the court house for a couple days this week on account of absence of other officials. She asked THE TIMES man to call the attention of all persons who have left papers at the Register's office for record to the fact that the present Register's term expires Dec. 31st, and request them to call and get their papers, so the business of the office can be closed up in shape for the new Register to take hold.

Augustus Belmore, aged 56 years, and a resident of Beaver Creek township, died at his home in that place Wednesday, Dec. 7th. Funeral services were conducted from St. Mary's Catholic church here last Friday and the remains laid away at rest in the Catholic cemetery here. Mr. Belmore had been a resident of that section of the county for the past 20 years or more and was well known and highly respected by the people of the whole county. He leaves a wife, two sons and one daughter, all grown up, to mourn his loss.

N. P. Olson does things right when he does them. At the opening of the new drug store, Wednesday evening, he engaged the band for a select concert, and the new venture opened doors with the best music to be obtained in northern Michigan. Both Mr. Olson and the manager, Mr. Morrison, were left busy entertaining visitors and doing the honors. Mr. Olson has every reason to be proud of his new drug store, and it is certainly a creditable addition to the business establishments of the village.

At a meeting Thursday, December 8, of Union Auxiliary Division No. 14, Knights of the Loyal Guards, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Chaplain General, Dr. S. N. Insley; Sr. Chaplain General, Aurie Shook; Jr. Chaplain General, Louise Ingley; Recorder, Margaret Burton; Treasurer, Margaret Horton; Senior Lieutenant, Florence Schreck; Junior Lieutenant, Uria Shirts; Chaplain, E. Ostrander; Sargent, Mable Colburn; Second Sargent, Mary Wheeler; Standard Bearer, Mary Giffes; Sentinel, Wm. Ingley; Board of Auditors, Uria Shirts, Eddie Cooper; Wm. Ingley; Music Director, Margaret Horton. Installation of officers, Thursday December 22d.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Resolutions adopted by Union Division, No. 14, Grayling, Mich. Whereas, death has entered our ranks and taken from us our beloved sister, Jennie G. Shirts, a worthy member and a faithful Guard.

Resolved, That we tender to her family our sincere sympathy at their great sorrow and loss, and that the charter of this division be draped for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of this division and also be presented to Bros. Geo. Shirts and Uria Shirts and to the press.

Dated Grayling, Mich., Dec. 13, 1904. MARGARET A. HORTON, FLORENCE SCHRECK, MABLE COLBURN, Com. on Resolutions.

Come and see how satisfactory Christmas shopping can be made. J. W. Sorenson.

A fine line of cigars in boxes at 50c each and upwards, for Xmas at Fournier's Drug Store.

Are you one of those who like good printing? If you are let us convince you that we do the best.

Order for Publication.

State of Michigan, The Circuit Court for the County of Crawford in Chancery.

John M. Braidwood, Complainant, vs. Theresa Braidwood, Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Crawford, in Chancery at the village of Grayling, in said county, on the 31st day of October A. D. 1904.

In this cause it appearing from Affidavit on file that the defendant, Theresa Braidwood, is either out of the state of Michigan or concealed within this state, and that her whereabouts is unknown to this complainant.

On motion of Edward E. Turner, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that said defendant, Theresa Braidwood, cause her appearance to be entered herein within three months from the date of the order, and in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on her of a copy of said bill and notice of this order; and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by said defendant, Theresa Braidwood.

And it is further ordered, that within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice to be published in the Crawford Avalanche, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendant at least twenty days before the time above described for her appearance.

O. PALMER, Circuit Court Com'r.

EDWARD E. TURNER, Solicitor for Complainant.

Business Address, Grayling, Mich.

The Avalanche is still Sliding.

Headquarters. . . FOR Christmas Goods!

Splendid Representation of Everything for Christmas Gift Giving.

An elegant assortment of MEN'S NECKWEAR

for Xmas gifts, put up one in a box,

25c to \$1.50.

Mufflers:

Make your holiday selections now while the assortment is complete. Prices to suit all.

Men's Slippers:

A great variety of Men's Slippers are shown

this season. We want your inspection of them.

Caps:

For Men and Boys. We have everything in caps from a double band Tam-O-Shanter for boys to a genuine Seal Skin Cap for men.

25c to \$12.00.

Night Gowns:

Men's Flannelett-Night gowns.

50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Ladies Handbags and

Purses:

A full line on hand, consisting of all the New Novelties shown.

Handkerchiefs.

We are showing the largest line of Ladies' plain and fancy Handkerchiefs we have ever had.

Prices 3 for 5 up to \$1.50 each.

Anyone looking for CHRISTMAS GIFTS

cannot do better than come to our store.

We are headquarters for everything in our line.

We have a select line of

Gloves and Mitts

of every description for Ladies and Children.

A choice line of LADIES' BELTS, COLLARS

and TURN-OVERS, suitable for Xmas

Gifts.

GRAYLING MERCANTILE CO.

The People's Store.

HOLIDAY GOODS. . .

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Don't Miss Our Holiday Display!

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City Barber Shop.

A new shop, fitted up with every convenience. . . .

CARL W. KREPKKE, Prop.

Located Next to Grayling Mercantile Company's Store. . . .

GRAYLING, MICH.

ADJUST FOR RETAIL LAUNDRY, DAY OFF.

BANK OF GRAYLING

SUCCESSOR to Crawford County Exchange Bank.

MARIUS HANSON, Proprietor and Cashier.

Interest paid on certificates of deposit and collections promptly attended to.

All accommodations extended that are consistent with safe and conservative banking.

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THE NEW DRUG STORE

Is now open with a full line of

Drugs, Perfumery, Toilet Articles,

Stationery, Etc. . . .

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Fourrier's Drug Store

Grayling, Michigan.

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THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE

GET AN ACRE AND LIVE ON IT.

Get an acre and live on it. I wish I could burn that thought into the heart of every working-man in America. In the West I would say, get an irrigated acre. If every man who now works eight hours a day in a factory could work four hours a day in a factory and four hours a day on his own acre of land he would double his income and he would insure himself, his wife, and his children against want when the day's wage would stop. But we must have a different system of national education from the present one, which trains our children away from the land. This idea is gaining ground. We have manual training and domestic science taught in some of our schools. That is getting back to the true system of education, where, instead of the old folks remaining at home to die alone while the boys go to the cities with the idea of becoming millionaires, but to end as counter-jumpers and clerks, the making and keeping of a home is taught. Every child should be made a gardener and a horticulturist. The winter term should be devoted half to books and half to work on the benches, and a summer term should be devoted to agriculture. The boys would learn to build a home and the girls to care for them as wives and mothers. We are gradually getting away from the heresy that money is all in this life and that man must make something, sell it, and buy something back again before he gets what he wants.

The evil of our life is not that the rich are getting richer or the poor are getting poorer, but it is the lack of cultivation of the soil. No man can oppress a sturdy race of farmers that own and till the land. The land is the greatest resource of a nation. Our public lands should be securely held for the real homesteaders. There are men who have acquired, as was never intended by Congress, great tracts of thousands of acres of land without settlement and without the building of a single home. These laws are still upon the statute books. Moreover, the great live stock interests and the speculators are intent upon keeping them there and even upon attempting to secure new land speculative legislation.

FIRST LEARN YOUR CUSTOMERS' WANTS.

The highest class salesman never appears to work hard to make a sale. Usually he is not a great talker. It is the clerk in cheap stores who talk hard and fast; they insist and sweat and appear to try to corner their customers and to browbeat them into buying. The best class salesman is cool and easy in manner because he has studied his art. The great talker may be a good salesman, but he chooses the hardest road. The salesman who wants to pass everybody must have, either consciously or unconsciously, a definite method of procedure.

Before trying to sell anything find out what the person can buy. When a man has told you just what he wants he has committed himself and he has given you a distinct advantage. In business it is the effort of each man to make the other man "come to him," and as soon as your prospective customer has told you what he wants—material, style, price, etc.—he has "come to you," all you have to do is to fill the order. If you can do that there is a strong presumption in favor of a sale without much further effort on your part.

It is of course absolutely impossible to make a sale for every inquiry, but what an immense satisfaction it is to know accurately what you can know if you follow this

CUTTING UP THE RANGES.

Vast Tracts of Land in the Southwest Being Given Up to Farming.

Conditions in the great ranch country of the Southwest were never in better shape for the homesteeker and investor, says S. A. Hughes, general immigration agent of the Frisco System, who has just returned from an extensive trip through Texas. The cattle ranches are being generally cut up and sold out in small tracts to farmers from the East and the North. One railroad system has been carrying about 2,500 homesteaders into the cheap land districts along its line each month for the last two years, and the other southwestern roads have been doing nearly as large a business. Consequently it is safe to say that Oklahoma, Texas, Indian Territory and Arkansas have increased at the rate of 20,000 settlers a month. The invasion of the ranch lands has come from Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Nebraska, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky.

In recent years the cattlemen have been feeding their cattle in pens and fattening them on crops grown by farmers. Hence it is no longer necessary to devote the grass products of twenty acres of land to fattening one steer. Cattlemen have no further use for the land, and are selling it at prices of from \$2 to \$15 an acre.

The northern and eastern farmers who have bought this ranch land and begun to cultivate the soil have all made money. One man near Corpus Christi bought a tract of ranch land at \$15 an acre and put it out in Bermuda onions. Two years later he sold \$11,000 worth of onions from eighteen acres.

In Greer County, Oklahoma, land sold at \$5 an acre two years ago, but prices have jumped to \$15 and \$25 an acre. Farmers are raising a bale of cotton or thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre in that region. One of the richest parts of Oklahoma, just now being made a central point for homesteaders, is Woods County. In the Eagle Chief Valley. Only a few years ago this valley was a vast cattle range, but it is now a thickly settled and prosperous farm community.—New York Sun.

Proclamatory Notes.

It is said that a man whose musical talent was as widely known as his unassuming condition once accosted a friend on the street, drew him into a doorway, and requested a loan of twenty-five dollars.

"When do you think you'll be able to repay it?" asked the friend, to whom it was by no means a new experience.

"This time," said the ready borrower, with an engaging smile, "I hoped you'd be willing to make it a 'Kathleen Maureen' loan."

"A what?" demanded the practical man.

"A 'Kathleen Maureen' loan," said his expensive friend, "it may be for years, and it may be forever."

An Experience with Pirates.

Mrs. Sweeney—Oh, Captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?

Captain Sweeney—Yes. I spent several months at the summer resorts last year.—Baltimore American.

Here is the mark of one who boards: Search him, and you will find something to eat in his pockets.

method—just when the failure to make a sale was not your own fault and just when it resulted from your own carelessness. Your confidence and consequently your effectiveness constantly increase as you reduce your work to a systematic procedure. You always "know where you are at," you can note your own progress, and there is with such a method far less cause for possible discouragement. There is nothing so helpful as knowing the cause of each failure you make; for if you know your weak point you can guard against it next time. This cautious method of always finding out what a prospective customer wants before taking your goods to him is the only way to become a really high-class salesman.

THE MYSTERIOUS WAYS OF FASHION.

In literature and in politics fashion has few ideas, but she dictates opinions. Often it is wise to listen to her lavish advice in order not to be the object of ridicule. Ridicule is fashion's weapon, which she wields without mercy when she chooses to take revenge. Sometimes artists persons, noticing that fashion rarely admits the same thing two days in succession, are led into trying to anticipate her. But, alas, what an error! They will soon learn that what she chooses to like at any particular time they also must like. Fashion has numerous whims, to which she attaches a capricious importance. She takes tea while playing bridge and drinks beer when engaging in a game of manille. She does not tolerate all diseases. It is all right to suffer from appendicitis, though she is particularly partial to neurasthenia. To cure her three or four doctors, her friends, are necessary. Of course, we must pardon this weakness, for she has confidence only in them.

Fashion has her likes and dislikes. She has no use for the poor. She affects to pity them, but defends herself against their cries. All her sympathies are with the rich, although she counsels them not to speak of money. When the poor man dines at the table of the rich, fashion teaches him to pay good breeding graceful compliments. He must not bewail his condition then. At the end of the repast, however, after having shown that he is free from jealousy, it is quite proper if he leans over to his neighbor and whispers: "Do you believe all this luxury produces happiness?"

We might ask with some concern how she will manage to pass the time when the automobile will have seen its day. What form of excitement will take its place? Maybe she will turn to some of her old tricks. When races and bookmakers shall have lost their charm perhaps she will revive some of the diversions of ancient times.

MANY WOMEN TALK TOO MUCH.

Some women are born gabblers, but more are made so by the mistaken idea that men have to be "entertained" and that the way to entertain them is by a constant volley of rapid-fire conversation. It is safe to say that in ninety-nine out of 100 couples one meets actually the girl is doing the talking; possibly she is succeeding in being "entertaining," but that is by no means so certain as if the man were doing the talking. Men like to talk. There is hardly any man who cannot talk well on some one subject. And there are some women who possess a genius for discovering what that one subject is. The silent woman will always be preferred by men to the gabbling woman.

MRS. CASSIE L. CHADWICK, THE CLEVELAND WOMAN OF MYSTERY.



WHO MRS. CHADWICK IS AND WHAT SHE HAS DONE.

Mrs. Chadwick was reared in an unpretentious Canadian home, and her antecedents and early history are surrounded in mystery. Friends declare the mystery of her birth was made known to her comparatively recently. She was married in 1896 to Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, a well-known physician of Cleveland. She has been accused of megalomaniacal influence over him, but the allegation is repudiated by creditors. She borrowed upward of \$100,000 in large amounts from leading bankers, spent a fabulous fortune on home furnishings, jewelry and furs and brought powerful but mysterious friends to her aid in the hour of international notoriety.

AN OLD YEAR.

There are people in England, as elsewhere, who do not believe that the civilian is greatly benefited mentally, physically or morally by a few weeks' service in the militia; but surely as long as such stories as the one below can be told of any man, his military training is not an unmitigated evil.

An officer in charge of the bath parade at a garrison near the sea, where the amateur soldiers were mainly from the inland and mining counties of

GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

Indianian Famous as an Author, Soldier and Diplomat.

Within a short time General Lew Wallace will be 78 years old. He was born in Brookville, Franklin County, Ind., in 1827. He has been in the thick of political, military and literary life since the Mexican war, which he entered before he had attained his majority and from which he emerged a young lieutenant, covered with honors. Apparently nothing in his whole wonderful career to which he has set his hand has been done other than well. Possibly the least success attained by him was as a lawyer, which career he embraced in his early manhood. After the stirring events of the Civil War, from which he emerged a major general, he took up for a brief period the practice of the legal profession. He was not wealthy in those days and some career was necessary. But he did not like the law, and gradually, with diplomatic work interspersed, he undertook the work of a literateur, in which he has made, if comparisons are possible in so well-rounded a life, his most distinguished success.

As the author of Ben-Hur General Wallace is known in practically every country of the globe. No other book since the days of Pilgrims Progress has been so widely read. An estimate indicates that from the total number of editions of the book that have been sold at least 4,000,000 people have read and enjoyed the heroic soldier's beautiful tale of the lowly Nazarene. The dramatization of the work, which was completed in 1901, further ex-



GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

tended the general knowledge of the story and added largely as well to the fame and profit of the author.

By every right of ancestry General Wallace is entitled to the distinction which he has achieved. He was "to the manner born," his father, David Wallace, having been elected Governor of Indiana in 1837 and to Congress in 1842 from the Indianapolis district. The father was a man of strong parts and of illustrious ancestry. In his youthful days General Wallace displayed a tendency to neglect the opportunities which his father's position gave him. He hated books and schools, and remained at school only so long as it was impossible to avoid. In this manner he acquired but little real fundamental education.

Previous to the outbreak of the Mexican war General Wallace had undertaken the study of law. When the call for soldiers came he was among the first to enlist. He was not yet 20 years old, but his services were so meritorious that he came back from the war a lieutenant. At the close of the war he married Susan A. Eiston, widow of a pioneer of Grayfordville, and the two have lived happily together ever since. Their tastes are congenial. Mrs. Wallace herself being an author who has achieved much success in several books which she has published. Among the best-known of her writings is "Along the Homoporus," a story the material for which was accumulated during the time General Wallace was minister to Turkey. In which post he was appointed by General Garfield with the understanding that he avail himself of the opportunity to write another novel of the Orient that should follow the lines of Ben-Hur. The result of this promise was "The Prince of India," a novel which quickly attained popularity and which for a time threatened to out-rival Ben-Hur. Mrs. Wallace has also written "The City of the King," "The Repose of Egypt," a brightly descriptive tale of Egyptian life, with which she familiarized herself during the sojourn of herself and General Wallace in Europe; "The Land of the Pueblos," written when General Wallace was Territorial Governor of New Mexico, and which is given the distinction by critics of containing more romance and local color of New Mexican history than any other book yet published.

The story of the writing of "The Prince of India" is an interesting one. When Garfield was elected President he sent for Wallace, who was a close personal friend, and during the conversation offered to make him minister to Constantinople on the condition that he would write another book during his stay in Turkey. The proffer was accepted by General Wallace. During his voyage to Europe Garfield was assassinated, but Wallace considered his promise to write a book a sacred pledge. "The Prince of India" was the result. It, like "Ben-Hur," is being dramatized.

Relieving Him.

"Now, you dear old hubby," said Mrs. Skome, "don't imagine I'm kissing you for a new hat or gown, because I'm not."

"Indeed," replied her husband, with an air of relief, "I'm certainly glad to hear it."

"Yes, it's only that diamond pin I'm after this time."—Philadelphia Press.

Gaining an Emphatic Answer.

"I beg, I beseech you to be my wife," he pleaded. "Oh, do not say 'No!'"

"Mr. Nerve," replied the fair girl, "I had not thought of saying 'No' to you. I am sure you wouldn't 'go' to me for an answer, and so, permit me to say: 'Not on your life!'"—Philadelphia Press.



The New Clothes Wringer.

Some new device to lighten household duties is patented every day, and the majority are small simple contrivances which can be used by anybody. A new clothes wringer, the invention of a German, resident in Berlin, is shown here. Several kinds of clothes wringers are passed between elastic rubber rollers and the water

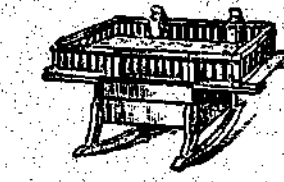


SIMILAR TO WRINGING BY HAND.

squeezed out in this manner. In another the clothes are placed in a network tapering down at both ends, one end being revolved by means of a shaft, while the other is held stationary. During this operation the clothes are pressed from the ends toward the middle, and it takes considerable force in order to remove the water from the clothes in the middle, the network being worn by the very great strain at the ends. In the clothes wringer shown in the illustration the water is squeezed out very much as by hand, the water being removed progressively by squeezing and twisting from the middle toward both ends. This apparatus is provided with a base-plate, which is attached to an ordinary washbasin by a clamping screw. A bag is supported on uprights attached to the ends of the base-plate, one of the uprights being revolved by means of a crank. The clothes are conveniently distributed in the bag, the turning of the crank twisting the bag and squeezing the water out between the meshes of the fabric, the water dripping into the tub. In this way the clothes are more uniformly wrung out. Carl Schmidt, of Tegel, near Berlin, Germany, is the patentee.

Convertible Chair and Cradle.

Every mother gives the baby preference over everything else, and she will invariably make every sacrifice she



USED AS A CRADLE.

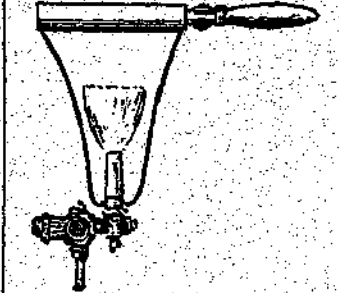
can to add to its comfort and ease. A baby takes a great deal of care and watching, and this always falls on the mother in addition to the regular household duties. If she puts it to sleep upstairs in the cradle it means a run up and down steps to attend to it

and her work also. A New York man has devised a convertible rocking chair and cradle, an illustration of which is shown here, and it is so constructed that it can be placed in the dining-room, where it could be used for either purpose. If it is desired to put the baby to sleep at any time, it can be converted into a cradle and placed right under the watchful eye of its mother in the dining-room, but when not so used it can be changed again to a rocking chair and its appearance will not look out of place as a cradle would. It is provided with the necessary cushions for both purposes, the rockers of the chair serving as the rockers of the cradle.

Barnet Smith, of New York City, is the patentee.

Curling Iron Heater.

The girl or woman who is lucky enough to be possessed of a head of naturally curly hair is generally very proud of the fact. It is more attractive than the straight hair, and she has the advantage over her more unlucky sister in that she does not have to use curling irons or other means to get the much-desired effect. To those who are not favored in this particular, resort to the curling iron to make artificial curls is about the easiest means. To hold the curling iron in the gas flame is tedious and requires considerable patience, as the operator has to



HOLDS THE CURLING IRON OVER FLAME.

be careful that she does not let the iron get too hot, for, if she does, soot will collect, which will be transmitted to the hair, and the hair will also be singed. In the illustration will be found an exceedingly simple heater for curling irons, one which will overcome these disadvantages. The lower part is made into a small tube, which fits over an ordinary gas burner. Projecting upward from the lower end of the tube are wire arms, one on each side, which are made sufficiently resilient to be bent together, the tube and arms being made in one piece. On the end of each arm are claws, which hold another tube, into which the curling iron is inserted when the device is in position over the gas flame, the resiliency of the arms holding the tube firmly against the claws. When not in use the two arms are brought close together and are passed into the tube, so that the whole device is very compact in form and can be carried in a narrow box, occupying little room.

The patentee is James E. McCleary, of San Francisco, Cal.

WAR WITHOUT THE GLORY.



The spirited sketch above is reproduced from the London Graphic, which has an artist at Port Arthur. The incident depicted is an assault on one of the central forts of Port Arthur. The slopes in front of the Russian forts were thickly strewn with the bodies of the Japanese, who pressed forward in the face of almost certain death. The signature of the Japanese censor, who passed upon the drawing, is on the lower-left-hand corner.

AMERICAN PIDGIN ENGLISH.

How We Will Talk When Commerce Extends to China.

Since the Japanese have begun to take such an active part in the affairs of nations the attention of Americans has been drawn closer than ever before to the Orient, since the Brooklyn Eagle. In the event that Japan succeeds in keeping Russia out of Manchuria the long-talked-of "open door" in China will become a reality. At first glance it would seem that the English-speaking merchants would be handicapped in their trade with China on account of the many dialects that are spoken in that country. But these difficulties have been removed long ago, for a flourishing trade has been carried on with the flowery kingdom by the English for many years. In order to make themselves understood the English merchants have adopted a jargon known as pidgin English, which is readily understood by all Chinamen who have occasion to do business with the Britons or Americans.

sort of a jargon, with no attempt at grammar, inflection or conjugation, but is literally a word-for-word translation. All that is necessary for a Chinaman to do in order to converse by means of it is to acquire a few hundred words, with the grammar modified to suit his own language. In a good many respects it corresponds with the "posh an' post" of the Roman dialect used by English gypsies, in which Hindu-Persian words are strangely intermingled with English constructions. Pidgin English is easily picked up by the Chinese and English-speaking merchants, and is rapidly extending to the interior of India, so that in part it answers the same purpose that were intended for voicing the universal language that was proposed some years ago.

Arraigned in Advance.

"Now, dear," said Mr. Polkey, who had just been accepted, "when shall I speak to your father?"

"You needn't bother," replied the dear girl. "Pa said he'd speak to me to-morrow if you didn't speak to me to-night."—Philadelphia Ledger.



"Pa, what is a repartee?" "Oh, merely an insult with its dress suit on, my son."—Puck.

Mr. Flush—Have you changed for a five? Mr. Broke—No; but I would like to have a five for a change.—Ex.

Judge Knox (in the court room)—I've lost my hat. Attorney—That's nothing. I lost a suit here yesterday.—Ex.

He—It's hard to keep a secret sometimes, isn't it? She—I don't know; I've never tried it.—Detroit Free Press.

A little boy was asked his name, and answered: "Well, they call me Jimmie, for short; but my maiden name is James."

"I'm sure he said he was out of politics for good," "You must have misunderstood him. He's out for the goods in politics."—Philadelphia Press.

Edith—When I accepted Jack he said he was in the seventh heaven! Ethel—Quite likely; he's been engaged to six other girls this season.—Jester.

Minister—So you saw some boys fishing on the Sabbath, my young man. Did you do anything to discourage them? Small Boy—Yes, sir; I stole their bait.

Hawkins—That pickpocket they caught is really a very intelligent fellow. Shannon—No doubt of it. He proved that by his ability to locate a lady's pocket.

Jagges—Do those noblemen who come over here to visit us acquire many of our customs? Waggle—I presume so. At any rate, they borrow a great deal from us.

"My kingdom for a horse!" cried Richard the Third. And a moment later he was seen slowly emerging from under his bulky automobile.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Gooder—Here's a book I'd very much like to have our daughter read. It contains some good advice for a girl of her age. Mrs. Gooder—Very well, I'll forbid her to touch it.

"A mighty poor sermon," said Knox, as they came out of church. "What would you expect for a cent?" answered Cox, who had seen what the kicker had dropped into the plate.

"Jones borrowed a dollar from me yesterday." "Yes," he paid back with the same dollar I loaned him." "That's strange." "No, I couldn't pass it either."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just Too Lovely. "Yes," said the first actress, "I've not a lovely new play for this season." "What is it?" asked the other. "A society drama in four acts and five new gowns."—Ex.

Kissing Hugs. He—Let us sit out on the lawn and watch for shooting stars. She—Oh, somebody might see us. Let's sit inside the grape arbor and watch for lightning bugs.—Judge.

"Yes," said Mr. Borem, "I'm disappointed in these shoes. It's funny nowadays how one's things wear out before one knows it." "Yes," replied Miss Weary, with a yawn, "especially one's welcome."

Teacher—Now, then, Tommy, you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday. Tommy—Well, it wasn't my fault. Teacher—It wasn't? Tommy—No, ma'am. I done my best to think up one.

"Oh, children! You are no noisy today. Can't you be a little stiller and better?" "Now, grandma, you must be a little considerate, and not scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us you would not be a grandma at all."

She—And you say you would die for me? Mr. Doresome—A thousand times. She—Would you mind doing it just once—strawberry? You know papa has been appointed coroner, and he hasn't had any practice yet.—Boston Traveler.

Salesman—How was it you asked Grimes only \$10 for that coat when the usual price is \$15? Proprietor—Well, you see, he had the coat charged, and it is doubtful if he ever pays. Better lose \$10 than \$15, don't you see?—Boston Transcript.

The Maiden—I have a fluttering about my heart, and I have no appetite, doctor. The Doctor—Oh, you're in love! I can't do anything for that. "You can't, doctor?" "Certainly I can't." "Why, doctor? You're not married!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Burly Parry—Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my ear last evening? Little Bifferton—Very careless of me, I'm sure! I wonder what became of it, and— Would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?—Tit-Bits.

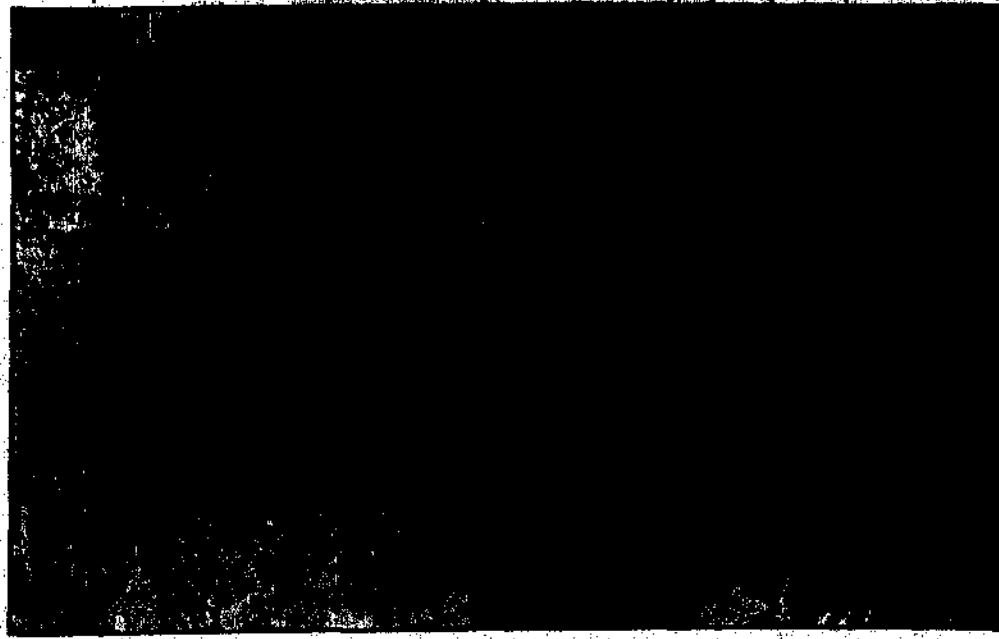
Jones—It is just impossible for me to keep a lead pencil. People are always borrowing, you know, and they always forget to return. Brown—Why, I never have any trouble. See, I've got a whole vest pocketful of pencils. Jones—Doesn't that prove just what I said?

Willie—I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday. Mother—No, I didn't. And what did you say to that? Willie—I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and walked right off and left him.—London Tit-Bits.

O'Halloran—It's sorry Oi an to find that yez hav a ticket to the play to-night, McGovern, for yez'll not see Sir Hinnery. McGovern—How do yez know that? O'Halloran—Because I was there last night, and wid me two eyes seen him die in the last act.—Lester's Weekly.

British Summer Dream. Yesterday I saw a man with a combed-out hair, wearing a long mackintosh, and another with a Panama hat carrying an umbrella, both surely showing an indecent lack of confidence in the weather. The most extraordinary get-up, however, was that of a man in a yellow straw hat, a black frock coat, a tartan tie, blue cummerbund, white duck trousers and yellow shoes.—Tailor and Cutter.

Ever remark how far from town the farms are that real estate agents say are within "a mile of town?"



A JAPANESE BATTERY, SUPPORTED BY INFANTRY, ADVANCING UNDER A HAIL OF RUSSIAN FIRE.
The deadly effect of shrapnel in the present war in the East has often been referred to in dispatches from the front and from the accompanying illustrations. Taken from the London Graphic, a good idea may be had of its destructiveness. The picture represents the advance of a Japanese battery near Tashichan. The battery was quietly advancing, says the Graphic, when suddenly there was the thunder of guns. White puffs of smoke could be seen on the hillside, coming from the Russian guns that were screened. The death-laden shells exploded, carrying hundreds of bullets and splinters into the midst of the advancing force. Whenever the little white shrapnel clouds were seen across the valley, there was havoc wrought. The greedy shrapnel seemed to seek out even those who thought they were under cover and to waylay those who ran for shelter. The shrapnel used by the Japanese is even more deadly than that of the Russians, owing to the superior powder used. The Japanese shells on exploding are broken into many hundreds of fragments, each fragment a possible missile of death.

VISION OF THE OLD HOME

To one forefost with stress of trade
And schemes of gain in city marts
There comes a breath of country lay
Wafted from passing carts.

Fades the long line of brick and stone,
The street's rude tumult dies away,
From money-getting for a space
His soul cries holiday.

And with him down the orchard path,
Fast springhouse and the pasture wall,
Her spirit walks who taught her child
Of the love that is o'er all.

The vision vanishes and straight
The street's rude tumult in his ears;
But in his heart a heavenly strain,
—Harper's.

A SUBTLE SPECULATION

CHILFON CARROL looked carefully about the room—nothing had been forgotten. Closing her satchel, she turned to leave, when the sound of muffled sobbing came to her ears. She listened intently, then impulsively crossed the wide hall, and rapped at the opposite door. In answer to a low "come," she entered, and was surprised to find, on a couch before the dressing fire, the woman who, six months before, had become her father's wife. From the first Chiffon had been determined not to like her, but the older woman's gentleness and sweetness of disposition were beginning to make an impression. "I am not dressing for dinner to-night, Jane. I shall not go down; I am too tired and my head aches," came in muffled tones from the pillows.

Deft fingers loosened the heavy masses of hair, and a gentle, penetrating massage followed. The surprised sufferer raised her eyes, catching her breath with a little half-sob as she saw it was not her maid, but the one whose love she despised of gaining.

"This is very sweet of you, Rose, dear," she said gently. "Indeed, I want to make you more comfortable," answered a soothing voice. "I cannot bear that any one should suffer. Why are you so miserable, Mrs. Carrol? Is your son worse to-day?"

"Mrs. Carrol! Is that the only name you can find in your heart to call me, dear? I wonder if you will ever call me mother? I have always longed for a daughter; your own dear mother could be no more tender than I would be if you would only open your heart to me."

"I really care for you," answered the girl, kissing her warmly. "Would you call me Chiffon? Those I love call me by that name."

"Such a dainty pet name! I have not dared to use it. Do you think, Chiffon, that your father's heart is not big enough for us both? I would not take one iota of his love from you."

The proud head was gently lowered as Chiffon's arm crept around the older's neck, and as their tears mingled the barrier was gone forever.

"Mother, why do you not bring your boy here? Surely your home should be his. Let him have my rooms, they are the sunniest. I shall be gone a month; by that time he may be able to move to the suite above. How long is it since he was injured?"

"He has been in the hospital nine months, his horse fell on him and his spine was hurt. The surgeons promise a complete cure, but the waiting is so tedious, and the suspense almost unbearable."

"Will you accept my offer?" asked Chiffon. "My visit will be happier if you do."

"I gladly accept, dear. Philip never would have come without your invitation."

"What a sensitive boy!" exclaimed Chiffon. "Give him my warmest sympathy and tell him I feel that we shall be warm friends. I will help to amuse him when I come back; does he care to be read to?"

"He is very fond of company," answered his mother, "but is very sensitive about the crutches he is obliged to use."

question, after affectionately greeting her father and mother.

"Improving every day," answered her mother; "you must see him after dinner. He is anxious to thank you, although he said it would be rank presumption to accept the use of your room, and occupies those of yours."

"What an unusually thoughtful boy!" laughed Chiffon.

Immediately after dinner she ran over the stairs to the invalid's apartments, armed with two of Henry's newest books for boys, which she had brought home from the city; also, a bound volume of St. Nicholas Magazine. As she entered the room, in answer to a deep "come in," a scarlet flame rushed from the proud chin, losing itself in the fluffy poufador.

For the first time since she could remember, Chiffon Carrol was not equal to the emergency, and stood staring blankly into the eyes of a young man of twenty-six years, who arose to meet her. She had expected to find herself in the presence of a fourteen-year-old boy.

"Where are your crutches?" she gasped.

"Thrown away forever, I hope. Aren't you going to congratulate me and tell me that you are glad?"

"But you are so tall and so old," she faltered.

"A veritable Methuselah! A modern Goliath!" he responded smilingly.

"I thought to find a little boy," she hesitated.

"And are you very sorry?"

"Not exactly sorry, but awfully embarrassed and ashamed," she laughed; "and I had no reason in the world for my supposition excepting that your mother is so young and beautiful."

"The matter is all of that," he acquiesced tenderly. "I believe she married at seventeen."

"I have brought you some solid mental food," said Chiffon, demurely handing him the books. "If we had been properly introduced I might offer to assist you to assimilate them."

Philip Calvert threw back his handsome head, and laughed aloud for the first time since his accident.

"How uncharitable! But perhaps you prefer muggins, or old maids," she continued, taking a pack of cards from the table and looking at him with dancing eyes. "Why, you are standing and yesterday was the first time that you had stood alone."

"By Jove, I had forgotten!" he exclaimed.

"Lie down immediately, and I will skim through the paper if you like. What shall it be—the stock market first?"

"If you please," he answered, not caring a rap what she read, as long as he could watch the soft flush on her cheeks come and go, and meet her eyes occasionally.

Mrs. Carrol was much surprised to find them thus cozily ensconced. She had wondered at Chiffon's disappearance, and was feeling a trifle hurt that she had not asked to visit the invalid.

Philip maintained a prudent silence, while Chiffon, with evident embarrassment, explained the situation.

"Is it all right that I should read, a little, to Mr. Calvert?"

"It is evidently all right," answered Mrs. Carrol, looking understandingly into Philip's animated face. "The stock market has acted as a tonic."

Chiffon was an excellent housewife, and it was not long before she was allowed to drive Philip out.

The young man chafed under his affliction. Naturally an athlete, he longed for activity. One day still another famous surgeon was summoned in consultation.

That evening when Chiffon made her daily visit she found a morose listener. At last Philip took the paper gently from her saying:

"It's no use, Chiffon. I have not heard one word, I can't listen to-night. I want to talk to you. I can walk very well now, and the gruff old fellow who was here to-day promises that German baths will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Still, I won't go abroad alone."

Chiffon, that this dear girl might marry me and take in the continent as a wedding journey." Then, continuing with nervous rapidity, "I knew if I saw her, day after day, she would become the life of my life. But how was a poor cripple to run away from his fate even if he was so inclined? Sometimes she whom I love is the embodiment of tenderness; at other times, I feel that her heart is adamant."

His forthrightness appealed to her. She reddened at memories of her own duplicity, little elusive acts that went to hide her love for him from his watchful eyes. Then after a silence, she demurely—

"Why speculate any longer, Philip? Why not ask her? I assure you that she loves you, dear."—Waverley Magazine.

A DYING RACE

Sac and Fox Indians Will Soon Be Totally Extinct.

Fighting among themselves over the chieftainship of an almost extinct tribe, the once powerful Sac and Foxes have appealed to Governor Cummings, of Iowa, to select a chief for them.

The present chief, Pookah-to-nek, the Sac and Foxes claim is not their own chieftain, but a Winnebago, one of their ancient foes. They want him removed and another appointed. The Winnebagoes live on the same reservation, but the Sac and Foxes, now numbering only 400, the remnants of a dying race, object to their presence.

The Winnebagoes are progressive. The Sac and Foxes are retrogressive. The former are attending the government schools; the Sac and Foxes think it is a waste of time and energy to listen to the foolish talk of the pale face teachers.

The Sac and Foxes will not work. They hate the white man, hate every mark of civilization, hate all that the government does—all but the blankets and the rations which are supplied so regularly. They object to the tilling of the land and want the school abolished.

For twenty-five years has the government been trying to maintain a school for the Sac and Foxes. The school was maintained, but no Indian would attend. The few boys and girls who did dare to learn the ways of civilization were ostracized by the remaining tribesmen. The Presbyterian Board of Missions has erected a mission on the Indian lands. No one attends the meetings. A few of the women condescend to learn to sew, but they never make use of the salutary instruction they have received.

A few years ago also Congress appropriated \$3,000 for an industrial school. The buildings were erected on the most modern plans and the school was fully equipped. For two years it has been in operation. No boy will attend. He does not want to learn to work. Education to the Iowa Indian is a sin. He does not want to learn.

The morals of the Indians are above the average of the white men excepting for two vices—gambling and drinking. They are expert card players and after pay day they keep up the game of poker until money, blankets and even horses have gone the rounds of the card circle. The Sac and Foxes do not swear. They have no words of profanity in their own language, and when a drunken Indian goes on a rampage he must borrow from the vocabulary of his white brother.

In thirty years there has been no crime among the Indians of the tribe. They are not petty larcenists. The chastity of their women is remarkable.

Sanitary conditions among the Sac and Foxes are execrable. They take absolutely no care of themselves and it is for this reason that the extinction of the race is so far off. They eat dead hogs thrown from freight cars, and cattle which die by the wayside are particularly appealing. Another decade will see their almost total extinction.

There is something fine in the bravery of a new father who carries a baby through the streets in his arms.

A pretty girl says many a young man who knows where to stop doesn't know when to go.

Difficulty of Being One's Self

By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

THE question as to what quality man most admires in women has been discussed from time immemorial. Beauty, charm, goodness have all had their advocates, and even intelligence has come in for a stray vote or two now and then. But when even a woman begins to wonder what a particular man would most like her to be—and she begins just as soon as she falls in love—she can always take it for granted there is one thing she will have to do to please him or any other man, and that is—herself.

Women very frequently admire and are imposed upon by the attentions of other women. But there is nothing the average man is so intolerant of as affectation, and a woman, in order to be loved by him, has to be or at least to seem, sincere.

Incidentally, there is nothing more difficult than sincerity for many women to achieve. A woman may be born with and in childhood continue to possess naturalness of mind and manner, but she seems to regard it as just as essential to "growing up" to warp her character into the fashionable shape and put her mind in the accepted straitjacket as it is to mould her body with steel and whittle her "finest figure" decreed by dressmakers and corsetiers.

Perhaps it may be urged that men admit the result of her efforts in both cases, and they do when there is no suggestion of artificiality. But it is woman's love of artificiality that promotes the popularity of silly cranes like that of the kangaroo walk and its companion horror, the exaggerated straight front. And it is her love for mental posing that gives rise to the intellectual fads and follies which she likewise follows.

Of course, it is often as necessary for a woman of slender intelligence thus to bend her mind and put frills on her manners in order to make a good appearance as it is for her sister whose attention is physical to seek the aid of buckram and a good tailor. But both practices are greatly overdone.

A little woman who had been obliged to obtain a divorce from her husband after three months of turbulent matrimony once complained to me that she found it absolutely impossible to please him. "I tried to be serious, to be gay, to be intellectual, to be silly, but it was all no use," and when I said, "Did you ever try just being yourself?" she answered in her most affected tones: "Now, just what would that have been like, if I had tried it?"

Very often men seem to like affected women, but they don't marry them. So, too, men like to go to a studentlike performance, or a diving circus. But they don't want to turn their homes into them, nevertheless.

The affected woman may amuse for awhile, but she doesn't last. A platted mind or character may look very well for a year or so, just as platted spoons do, but the plate is bound to wear off.

The best thing for any woman to be is to be herself, no matter what the fascination of any other role may seem.—New York Evening World.

Telling Stories To Children

FROM one of those compilations in the nature of home companions so popular a half century ago for their discussions of the duties and ideals of life comes a suggestion directly practical in these latter days regarding the telling of stories to children.

It is a most unfortunate circumstance, so states this oldtime writer, that fashion, custom and business have fixed such a great gulf between children and adults, and especially between children and the aged. Children live in the future, and naturally delight in hearing the conversation and stories of those who are older. And yet, the latter, who live in the past, and delight as much in relating what they have seen and heard as the young do in hearing it, seem, for the most part, to stand quite aloof from them, and even to bury the fund of instruction in the grave of their decaying faculties. Why is the gulf of separation kept up, to the great loss of all parties and of the world?

The love of juvenile character is greatly conducive to intellectual improvement, concludes this oldtime authority. Those who associate much with children make far greater mental progress than persons in other circumstances. "Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain," and it is scarcely possible to be much with the young without falling into the habit of instructing them. And this habit of hearing and answering children's questions is highly favorable to the development of our own minds. It is so, even when all we do for them is in the way of story telling. The single habit of telling stories to the young—especially of striving to excel in it—with a view to gain their attention and to please and interest them is of great value.

The Greeks as Astronomers

By Henry Smith Williams.

TWO examples of remarkable measurements made by the astronomers of the Alexandrian epoch must be cited. Both were made by the famous Alexandrian, Eratosthenes. One consisted of the accurate measurement of the obliquity of the ecliptic, that is to say, of the angular tip of the earth's axis; the other, of which mention has already been made, was the relatively accurate determination of the actual size of the earth. Both these measurements were made with the aid of the same simple instrument.

This instrument was nothing more complex than a perpendicular post attached to a scale for measuring the angle of its shadow. The instrument was called an armillary sphere. It introduced no new principle, having been used from the earliest time by the Egyptian astronomers. Eratosthenes perfected it as to details. In determining the obliquity of the ecliptic he measured the sun's angular height on the day of the winter solstice, and again six months later, on the day of the summer solstice. Half the difference between these angles gives the angle of the ecliptic. This is readily comprehensible, and indeed involved no new idea, as a similar measurement had probably been made in a cruder way many times before; but the measurement of the earth, although almost equally simple in principle and practice, was a stroke of inventive genius, as any one must admit who will reflect that the sun's habitable world at that time comprised but a tiny fraction of the earth's surface. The principle which Eratosthenes hit upon was to measure an arc of the earth's circumference, to be of course assumed that the earth is round.

—Harper's Magazine for November.

The Country Girls in the City

By Ella Morris Kretschmar.

THERE absolutely no encouragement for the country girl who would come to the city?

None whatever! It is not necessary to here discuss the higher employments open to city women, for women fitted for such positions already know.

That for every teacher's position there is a "waiting list" of applicants.

That gifted women artists are eating their hearts out while waiting for success in cheerless, north lighted rooms in every city the world over.

That the successful woman lawyers in any large city may be counted upon one's fingers.

That while women physicians are looked upon with moderate favor, the steps to success are many and difficult, not to be lightly undertaken.

That women who successfully head business enterprises are born with a talent not to be acquired by ambition or effort.

That while there is always "room at the top," genius and even talent are a law unto themselves, a law not discoverable to the uninitiated.

To the country woman with no particular gift, no particular training and no particular purpose the way is clear—to remaining at home, and in this age much home staying may be made profitable, if she be but awake to the home industries which under the name of "arts and crafts" find a market in the world.—Good Housekeeping.

Some Potatoes.
We recorded on Monday last the receipt from Cincerester of a potato weighing twenty-nine ounces. Only a week has elapsed since that fabulous tuber was deposited upon our table, and today from the Green Isle comes another and a vaster, sent by Mr. J. Vincent Doherty, of Ardee, County Louth. This remarkable vegetable, which we have had weighed, and which turns the scale at two pounds eleven ounces, is in the shape of a shamrock, but the seed that produced it was, writes Mr. Doherty, a "British Queen." We have also received to-day a letter from Mr. L. A. Smith of Marlow, in which he writes that he has gathered an apple weighing nineteen and a half ounces, and measuring fourteen and a half inches round, and adds that this noble fruit is now on view in a shop window in Marlow High street.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Question of Penitence, Not Opinion.
Representative Cooper of Texas tells a story about Gen. Sam Houston of his State and a practicing physician who did not like the old General, being strenuously opposed to him politically. One day, after a heated political discussion, the physician said:

"General, I like you well enough socially, but politically I would not believe you on oath."

"I would believe you, Doctor," was the quiet reply of the General.

At Schonbrunn, the Austrian Emperor's palace, is the finest collection of orchids in the world, numbering 18,000 plants.

BEGAN LIFE'S BATTLE AT 13.

In New the Head of the Post Office Department at Washington.

The most picturesque member of the present administration is Robert J. Wynne, Postmaster General. If he said to a man, "I have made myself to be entitled to such credit. He was a mere lad when his mother died in New York and he was a scion of a position as an office boy in a tele-

graph office in Philadelphia, through the influence of a relative. He was then 13 years old and wholly dependent upon his own resources."

When I received my first pay for the shape of a crisp \$5 bill, he says in speaking about that period, I gazed upon it at every corner on my way home, examining it under every street lamp. It was real money, the first I ever had earned, and the note looked to me as big as the side of the City Hall.

Out of the \$5 a week I paid \$3 for my board and a little room to sleep in. My washing, which was not extensive, cost something, and there were other incidentals which, when liquidated, left me a surplus of 50 cents a week for dissipation. Of this amount I squandered 25 cents for carousals. The remaining quarter of a dollar went to pay for a seat in a theater.

His income of \$5 a week was not sufficient to provide him with suitable clothing, and he suffered discomfort in consequence. Once he bought a pair of women's shoes, because of the cheapness, and found them of little service. He was then studying telegraphy and soon became a proficient operator. At 10 he became chief operator in the Philadelphia office, with a salary of \$120 a month. In 1874, when he was 22, he was sent to Washington to work through the short session of Congress. Here he came under a double influence—that of Gen. H. V. Boynton, one of the most famous newspaper correspondents at the capital, and that of the young lady who subsequently became his wife. The one directed his talent for telegraphy to the newspaper field, and the other induced him to make his home in Washington.

The chief regret of Mr. Wynne's career is the fact that following his mother's death two of the children, a boy and a girl, became lost and no efforts afterward were able to locate them. It is the one sad incident in a career otherwise happy and successful.

Language of Symbolism.—The sea and mountains and nature speak the language of symbolism. They are not so much water and rock and earth spread out or piled up. That which impresses us as we stand upon the shore or sail upon the sea is not the waters that are tossed in tempest or sleep in calm, but the mighty symbolism of the ocean itself.—Rev. G. B. Vornburgh, Baptist, Denver, Col.

Fatherhood.—The kingdom of God can never come to power or completeness until fatherhood and brotherhood prevail on the earth. The name of Father must be the name of God most real and near and dear to us before His kingdom can come in our hearts and lives. The government of God, the rule of God is patriarchal and paternal. It is the rule of the father in the family.—Rev. D. H. Overton, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Happiness.—There is fun a-plenty in the world, but fun is not happiness. The man who quarrels with his wife and children and deceives his family has no real place. The man who lies and has become a drunkard does not respect himself. The man who wears a mask over his face and lives a double life is insincere in his dealings with men, knows nothing about real peace, joy and happiness.—Rev. H. S. Holmes, Presbyterian, Pittsburg, Pa.

Work of the Church.—The religious organizations of the United States represent a vast amount of energy and zeal and enthusiasm, and, no doubt, great good is accomplished. And yet it must be confessed that the work of these churches is a disappointment, and a good deal of a failure. At least half of our population remains outside the churches, and is little influenced by their teachings or their efforts.—Rev. W. H. Rausser, Episcopalian.

Bedrock.—We have to look beneath the surface of things to find the bedrock upon which our feet may stand. Not that efforts should be lessened to accomplish, if possible, by arbitration, the settlement of international differences, but more than this, in every civilization legislation must regard the principles underlying all precepts of righteousness as continued in the Old and New Testaments.—Rev. H. H. Washburn, Episcopalian, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

The Spoils System.—The spoils system in our cities should be uncompromisingly denounced and damned. In this spoils system lies our chief peril, and along with it go opportunities for illicit gains on the part of city officials and ringmasters, the existence of a large class of ignorant and purchasable voters, and the outcome of all is the ring and boss system from which nearly all of our great cities now suffer.—Rev. W. A. Stanton, Baptist, Pittsburg, Pa.

Reaping and Sowing.—Character is not something to be bought. It is to be grown. You must begin soon. Its great value depends upon getting an early start. You can never reap wholly the damage wrought on character in early life. There is a fiction that you can sow wild oats and yet reap no bad harvest therefrom. It is the devil's lie. We reap what we sow. Youth is the sowing time. The harvest is a character.—Rev. C. B. Mitchell, Methodist, Cleveland, Ohio.

Sanctity and Sin.—God is infinite holiness, and between infinite holiness and sin there is a necessary and natural repulsion. As light cannot abide with darkness, nor darkness with light, so sin cannot abide with sanctity, nor sanctity with sin. Man, then, became an object of aversion to God, and God's justice must punish sin, for sin, by its very nature, is opposed to God. Man then should have perished utterly, but he did not; separated from God, he still hungered after Him—and could find no peace. The long night of man's degradation began.—Rev. D. J. Starford, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

No New Jails in Ireland.
As the population of Ireland has decreased the demand for prisons has become less and less, and they have been sold by the acre, while the famous Harolds' Cross prison in Dublin, occupied in the '40's by Daniel O'Connell, has been turned over to the war office for barracks.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The World gets easier for the women every day. A new invention puts dough on sale that is ready to put in a pan and bake into bread.



Culture.—The most cultivated communities on this globe are New England villages, where the people have the leisure for reading, fine libraries, cultivated tastes and splendid schools. You will find the highest grade of intellectual culture there with the old Puritan descendants.—Rev. A. C. Dixon, Baptist, Boston, Mass.

Gambling.—Any scheme, whether it be raffle at a church fair, where much gambling commences, or the devious dealings in margins, or the bets placed by the bookmakers at a horse race, is just as much gambling as at the faro table or at the roulette wheel or in the lottery.—Rev. D. R. Babitt, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Good and Noble.—The multiplied arguments of the skeptic and the confusing complaints of the chronic gambler do not lessen his zeal for all that is good and noble; therefore he grows, developing those graces and elements of character which commend the Christian religion as the conservator of man's best interests for time and eternity.—Rev. George Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Modern Society.—What is the trouble with society? Is it in condition or character? Is it because a few men with the heart of an Arab are in the position of power and consequently grind and crush, or is it that the Arab spirit rules among all classes, and there is just as much lack of brotherhood at the bottom of the social ladder as at the top?—Rev. C. C. Mitchell, Baptist, Manchester, N. H.

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